

## Miscellaneous.

## WILL IT PAY.

"Naigh, Charley," cried a cheery voice, under my window, "what would you give to own such a splendid house as that over the way? Ah! don't I wish I was rich?"

"Well, go ahead, Jack, be rich if you want to, I don't see any thing to hinder. I've heard my father say that a boy not underwritten, with good health and a fair start, can do almost anything he wants to do in a lifetime."

"Well," said Charley, "suppose we set out together. You have two years the better of me, but by the time I am forty, let's see who'll be the best off. Come, one, two, three, and away."

"I don't know, Jack, as I care about being so very rich. It costs too much; it don't pay."

"Costs? Why, you don't buy money with money do you?"

"No, but sometimes with something that is far better than money. Do you know the owner of that house over there? He is not an old man—about forty I believe, but his hair is quite gray and his head bent down. He is almost always muttering to himself when he walks tottering through the streets, and his face is gloomy as a thunder cloud. They don't call him crazy; it is hypo—something or other with a long name. They say he is in continual fear of becoming poor and his family going to the almshouse—some of them deserve it enough to be sure. But I say, Jack, what's the use of having wealth if you can't take the comfort of it?—Here's my father, now, with nothing in the world but his salary, and four boys to bring up on that; yet never a word of the almshouse have I heard. My father is freer and happier, and as far as good living goes, richer than Judge Stone with his splendid house and half a million in the bank."

"Oh, well, Charley, I'll risk the gray hairs and the hypo for either you or me. He must have been a gloomy old fellow to begin with. What do you say to ex-major Jones over there? I whole streets of houses, and feels himself rich enough to go."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Charley, "you would like to be rich on his plan would you. Just let me tell you a story. Mrs. Jones and my mother were school girls together, and loved each other very dearly, as school girls do, you know. Well, after they were married, they settled down beside each other, as it happened; Mr. Jones living in an old farm house that belonged, I suppose, to his great-grandfather, and was in a dear cottage that has been pulled down now, to make room for his great block of brown stone. Very good friends we all were, and Mrs. Jones is really a dear good lady yet. Well, one summer, I remember, their long rows of current bushes were covered with fruit that rotted and fell off because there was no one to use it, and we had none. Mrs. Jones urged me to let us come and pick just as many as we could use, for pies, jellies, or whatever, so as to save them, she said. So one afternoon Harry and I took our little tin pails to get some for tea. Just as we were starting for home, who should come along but Squire Jones—take us into the kitchen, measure out our currents with his own hands, in the quart cup, and then charge mother the sum of nine cents as the price thereof!"

"Ho, ho," cried Jack, "you don't intend that I should believe that?"

"It is a fact," returned Charley. "Of course mother was happy to pay for the currents, and I didn't mind the trouble of picking. It isn't anything worth telling of, only you see I've never envied Squire Jones; in fact, I have rather pitied him ever since."

"Well, Charley, that isn't the kind of a rich man you and I will be. But there's Colonel Smith—he enjoys life, doesn't he? He gives away money free as air. He drives the finest horses, and each of his children has a beautiful pony, all to themselves. And then such a splendid house! Beautiful pictures, and vases, and bronzes, and statuettes, grand piano and harp, and all sorts of musical instruments, and then the finest conservatory in the city—a real winter garden, with fountains always playing, and little birds flying about among the choicest fruits and flowers. Ah, Charley, you can't deny that it would be delightful to live in such a paradise?"

"Did you ever hear how he got his wealth?" said Charley in a half stilled voice.

"No; how was it?"

"By hard-earninging. He began with a little drum-selling shop, and worked his way up to a fashionable restaurant; and then that was not enough, so he went into the wholesale manufacturing business. They say a man died of delirium tremens in his house once—that was when he lived in the drum shop. The wife had been to Mr. Smith, and begged and entreated him, with tears not to let the poison to the poor infatuated man; but he turned her out of the door with a brutal blow. It is too horrible to tell of Jack; and then he doesn't do such things now that he is rich enough to retire from the business. But I don't wonder that he has to drive fast horses to get away from the thought of it. Ugh! I should think that beautiful house would be haunted."

"I should think he would want harps, and pianos, and singing birds too, to drown the echo of that woman's prayers, and her husband's insane howlings when the fiend spirits had him in their hold—Sooner than be rich in that way."

"Oh! well, well, Charley, we won't be that sort of rich men neither. Surely there are enough honest ways of getting money?"

"I don't doubt it, Jack. If you don't sell your very soul for cash, you may make it pay; if you do, it's a heavy speculation, to say the least."

"But Charley, you're really too hard. You can't say there are not honest whosoever men, that are wealthy."

"No; I don't say any such thing. I only say they must have paid, in one way or another, for their goods—if not in health or a good conscience, at least in time that could have been used for other purposes. It wouldn't be honest, you know, to get the thing without paying for it. Isn't that so, Cousin F?"

"Concluded by, as the omniscient power appeared suddenly at the window."

"It is certainly, Charley, and whether the thing is good or bad, depends upon the price you have to pay for it. You would rather have a good education than a great fortune, and choose to give your time and strength for the one, you will not compromise with the other. If Jack chooses the education, and gets it, and I will not envy him when he has got the will or the industry to acquire the fortune. In this busy age there are a thousand ways in which you can acquire wealth; and yet honestly gained is not so despised."

"I'm first in the world, and we are to be here that all the powers that be are ordained by God. It is only a matter of time before the treasures more precious than gold in the busy pursuit. If

you can gain the gold, and not lose the pure freshness of heart with which you began the race; and if you can see the power attained for culture to yourself and blessings to others, as good stewards of the manifold gifts of God,—then I think it will pay. But if your souls have to shrivel away in the process, blighted by selfishness, or corroded by crime, and you must change from healthy and happy boys to little withered, creaking old men, nominal owners of some earth, brick, and mortar, and a quantity of musty paper, but completely spoiled for the enjoyment of the free sunlight and sweet air and beautiful earth, then you will certainly make a bad bargain. Well may we ask: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

## A LESSON FOR CREED-MAKERS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Never surely was holier man Than Ambrose since the world began; With diet spare and raiment thin, He shielded himself from the father of sin; With bed of iron and scourgings oft His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer, and watching long, He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong, Much wrestling with the blessed Word, To make it yield the sense of the Lord, That he might build a storm-proof creed To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith, Fenced round about with "THE LORD THINE SAITH;" To himself he fitted the doorway true, Meted the light to the need of his eye, And knew, by a sure and inward sign, That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said: "All those shall die The eternal death, who believe not as I;" And some were boiled, some burned in fire, Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire For the good of men's souls might be satisfied By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth In his lonely walk, he saw a youth Resting himself in the shade of a tree; It had never been given him to see So shining a face, and the good man thought 'Twere a pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he sat himself by the young man's side, And the state of his soul with questions tried; But the heart of the stranger was hardened indeed, Nor received the stamp of the one true creed, And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to find Such face in front of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in cloud and fire The shape that answers his own desire, So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall find The figure and feature of his mind; And to each, in his mercy God hath allowed His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal And holy wrath for the young man's zeal; "Believest thou, then, most wretched youth," Cried he, "a 'divine essence of truth' I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin To take the Lord in his glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them where they stood, A fountain of waters sweet and good; The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near, Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here!"

Six vases of crystal then he took, And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour, There shall one hold less, the other more, And the water unchanged, in every case, Shall put on the figure of the vase: O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife, Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone, The youth, and the stream, and the vases were gone; But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace, He had talked with an angel, face to face, And felt his heart change inwardly, As he fell on his knees beneath a tree.

From Life Illustrated.

## A TOUGH STORY.

Gen. Miller, of East Hampton, who was sixty years of age, was an intimate friend of Captain Thomas Beebe, a West India captain of Sag Harbor, who weighed about three hundred pounds. They seldom met without interchanging mirth and wit. The day before Christmas, Gen. Miller had the oldest goose in his flock—sixty years old—killed and dressed, and sent it to Capt. Beebe as a present. The Captain saw him in the afternoon, and said, "Thank you for your goose, but is it not an old one?" The Colonel replied, with some manifestation of wounded feeling, "On my honor, if it is not last spring's goose, then it is as old as I am." This declaration entirely satisfied the Captain, who ordered it cooked for his dinner. When it was brought on to his Christmas table, he and he held he could not penetrate it with his fork, much less cut a morsel of meat from the bone. He said, "she had cooked it twice as long as usual for fear that it might be tough."

"Tough," said her husband, "it is as tough as leather, and not fit for the pig!" whereat he was greatly indignant, but at last the joke flashed across his mind, and he laughed loud and heartily, saying, "I'll be a match for his honor."

In the course of the week he met the Colonel, but made no allusion to his Christmas repast. He invited him to dine on New Year's day at his house in Sag Harbor, with some friends.

He purchased a couple of the most tender geese he could find, and saved the Colonel's also, which his wife boiled for two or three days, and was thereby enabled to join it. When New Year's day came, the table was loaded with delicacies. The most was on a side-table and the Captain helped some of the other guests first, so that they commenced eating. He piled the Colonel's plate with vegetables of all kinds and put on it some of his own geese. The guests handled their knives and forks dexterously, and praised the tenderness of the geese. The poor Colonel cut and ate till the sweat rolled in drops from his face, and yet the guests praised on and had their plates replenished with the Captain's tender geese. Finally a light seemed to burst upon him; laying down his knife and fork he roared out, "Genius, you have paid me in my own coin."

Then his laughing but compassionate host observed his plight, saying, "that his exertions in a good cause must have given him a good appetite."

## A NEWSPAPER REPORTER'S LIFE.

The corresponding reporter of the Cincinnati Times recently went on a railroad excursion, and gives the following record of five days' work:

First day. Rode from Cincinnati to Pittsburg. Had to keep a sharp look out all the way for items. Looked at the country with one eye, examined the facilities of the railroads with the other, and kept both ears open to hear what the excursionists were doing. Arrived at Pittsburg at 9 P. M., tired and hungry. Had to listen and take notes of a reception before I could get supper. Supped at 10, and then proceeded to write out day's report of proceedings. Through with that at 2 A. M. Snatched a few hours' sleep, and on the

Second day. Up at 6 A. M. to get report off—Breakfast at 7. All is bustle. Can't get shaved for fear of losing an item. Hurried off with excursionist to view the city. So much despair of being able to tell the half of it. Got back to hotel, ate dinner, and hurried off to the cars. Rode over the mountains, and have a splendid time, so they all say. Reached Altoona at 9 P. M. Trouble about getting a room. Supper won't digest in consequence. Get room at 11, and proceed to write out second day's report. Get through at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Third day. Roused at half-past four for a sunrise trip to the mountains. Dying for sleep and wish the mountains and the sunrise in the middle of the Atlantic. Would far rather sleep than take the trip, but must go—there to report—can't take heavy—must see. Rise—a wretched man. Go up the mountains, half asleep. Inclined to snore on the edge of a fearful precipice while surveying the beauties of scenery. Yawn out "beautiful!" and get slightly awake. Return—add P. S. to letter, send it off, and then hurry to breakfast. Eat, when hear the cry of "all aboard!" Snatch a piece and hurry to cars. Almost dead for sleep, but afraid to shut an eye for fear of losing items. Besides, must keep an eye to scenery, railroad and excursionists. Head muddled—feel wretched—Ride all day. Get to Philadelphia in evening. Hustle around, introduced to committees, learn arrangements, and then proceed to write out report. Time is limited—must close by 11. Think like thunder, and write like lightning. Close letter and hurry to depot. Expressman gone to upper depot. Have to run half a mile to overtake him. Get letter off, midnight, and, fagged out, roll into bed.

Fourth day. Sleeping soundly, when awakened by loud rapping on the door. Sleepy—won't answer. Knocks turned to kick. Get up to see what's the matter. An old friend, resident in Philadelphia, gives us recall before breakfast. With him to Flanders, or rather three or four hours later. Dress, talk with a friend, eat breakfast, and then called to go with the excursionists—Grand reception—take notes. Trip on the river—take notes. "Bea ride—take notes. Drink all take notes. Speeches—take notes. Other refreshments—take notes. Visit to Poor House—take notes. Banquet—take notes. General hurrah—take notes. Introduction to officers of Poor House—take notes. Receive their cards—take notes. Get a history of the institution—take notes. Called on for a speech—lose notes! Return to the hotel after dark, and hurry to write out report. Must write columns an hour to be in time. Greatly exercised—get letter off—breathe free again—Tumble into bed after midnight.

Fifth day. Same sort of trip. Up at sunrise, rush round all day, see more than one head on a bush, and hear more than would make a big volume. Get back to hotel at 10 o'clock—one hour to write letter. Run it through, and rejoice that it is the last of the excursion.

Under these circumstances you may imagine that I rejoiced when the excursion was at an end, and I free to go whether I choose and write at leisure. My first point was to enjoy a grand, glorious, undisturbed sleep. That I had no difficulty in doing. My coop, No. 40, was next door to the skylight of the hotel, far away from the noise and bustle of the street. I made a long, happy excursion into dream land, awakened, thanked Heaven that I was not compelled to get up, turned over, and enjoyed a downright comfortable snooze. Ah! it was delicious! What cared I for breakfast—no flavored coffee and mutton chops for dinner—for soups, fish, meat and dessert, so I could close my eyes and undisturbed, in No. 40, wander in the delightful realms of dream-land.

Well, to use a cant phrase, I "slept like a horse," how long I don't know, but at last I felt as if I had caught up with my sleep, and departed No. 40 with a right good will.

## THE HOWLING WILDERNESS.

I remember once, when I was a young man living in New Hampshire, they dedicated a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver an oration. The lawyer had never yet, after a fortnight's practice, had the honor of being retained, and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable. The day came and with it to the bridge came the multitude and the orator. He had made no written preparation, that being, he had been told unwisely—like a lawyer being supposed to be capable of speaking without note or notice any number of hours, on any subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence. So our lawyer trusted to the occasion. He stood out upon the platform, and amid the profound attention of his audience, commenced: "Fellow-citizens: Five-and-forty years ago, this bridge, built by your enterprisers, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness."

He paused a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." Again he paused. (Cries of "good, good.") Here was the "rub." I feel it hardly necessary to repeat, that this bridge, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying that I wish it were part and parcel of it now.

## EXPERIENCE WITH A NEW SET OF TEETH.

We have been very much amused in listening to an acquaintance of ours when describing his experience with a new set of teeth. He remarked: "I had had all my teeth pulled out, for to tell the truth I think they have been a curse to me always rather than a blessing. Now, in their place I have had false ones put in, and I must tell you my experience with my new masterpieces."

"The first day I was first put in, as though I had a couple of wheelbarrows full of paving stones laying around loose in my mouth, and it seemed as if they were going to be spilled out every motion. The first day I walked all over one had done their dinner, not daring to make an exhibition of my teeth and run the risk of their dropping on the table. Well, I chewed a bit and stopped, chewed again and stopped, and finally went to my room and laid the damned things

on the back part of an upper shelf, thinking they were no go. The next day I tried them again, but with little better success, and after this I would carry them in my pocket, occasionally trying the things on, and every time experiencing some new emotion. One day they would feel as much like a great horse-shoe, with nails in, as anything else; and again I could be certain that I had a great circular wheel stowed under my lips. Some of my experience was very comical. They served me so many times, and I was rather getting tired of my bargain; but by perseverance I have become used to their ways, and now they cannot get away from me, as I know just how to manage them, and how to bite on them, and bless from the bottom of my heart the inventor of false teeth."

## AWAKE! AROUSE!

Just God! and shall we calmly rest, The Christian's scorn—the Heathen's mirth—Content to live the lingering Jew? And by-word of a mocking Earth? Shall our own glorious land retain That curse which Europe scorns to bear? Shall our own brethren drag the chain Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part, From gray-beard led to fiery youth, And on the nation's naked breast Scatter the living coils of Truth! Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet The shadow of our fame is growing! Up—while ye pause, our sun may set In blood, around our altars flowing! Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth— The gather'd wrath of God and man— Like that which wasted Egypt's earth, When hail and fire above it ran. Hear ye no warning in the air? Feel ye no earthquakes underneath? Up—up—why will ye slumber where The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up now for Freedom!—not in strife Like that your sterner fathers saw— The awful waste of human life— The glory and the guilt of war? But break the chain—the yoke remove, And smite to earth Oppression's rod, With those mild arms of Truth and Love, Made mighty through the living God!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From the Spirit of the Times, October 15.

## MR. MONNOT'S BREEDING STABLE CONSUMED—A WIFE'S HEROISM.

We regret to learn that one of our most extensive breeders of blood stock at the North, J. B. Monnot, of Westchester county, New York, has met with a most serious loss, the burning of his whole range of stables. It appears that on the morning of Tuesday, the 4th instant, Mr. Monnot left home with the intention of going to Albany to attend the State Fair, leaving his place in charge of his wife. Shortly after noon, while the men were yet at dinner, Mrs. Monnot discovered dense smoke issuing from the stables; she was alone with her women—not a man within call—the blood horses, worth nearly \$100,000, were in imminent danger. For a moment she was paralyzed, but soon recovered her presence of mind to perform what she called a religious duty—to save her husband's property, even at the risk of her own life. Starting her women in various directions in search of assistance, she alone rushed into the stables, from the sides of which the flames were by this time bursting in every direction. Logan, the pride and pet of her husband, was the first to be saved; to unchain and lead him to the door he saved; but the work of an instant, but, terrified at the flames which met his sight, he rushed back to his stall and resisted every attempt to lead him out, until, when nearly exhausted by her exertions, Mrs. Monnot succeeded in blindfolding him with part of her dress, when he became tractable, and submitted to be led to a place of safety.

The foreman and helpers of the farm at last arrived, and soon had every hoof turned out. Now commenced a scene the wildest and most appalling eye ever witnessed. The stables, which were sufficiently extensive to accommodate one hundred and fifty horses, and barns containing over one hundred tons of hay, were completely enveloped in flames. The horses, which in the excitement of the moment, without regard to sex or age, were turned into a small enclosure, maddened by fear, commenced fighting furiously, kicking, biting and tearing each other in a fearful manner, making it dangerous and apparently foolhardy in the extreme to attempt to separate them. The foreman, however, watching his opportunity, succeeded in catching by the mane one of the most furious, a two-year old colt, who reared and plunged at such a rate that the man was soon sent flying under the heels of the other horses. Mrs. Monnot again exhibited her nerve and courage by entering the enclosure and seizing the brute by the nose; she held him until the man had recovered himself and procured a halter, with which the animal was secured.

Old Syphilis, by Emilius, bred by R. L. Stevens, now owned by Mr. Monnot, was very near being lost; she was surrounded by flames, and had to be taken out through a hole cut in the side of her stable. Having secured the stock to the best of her judgment, Mrs. Monnot sent an express messenger to convey the tidings of the calamity to her husband, who was intercepted just as he was on the point of embarking for Albany. On hearing the news, his thoughts were not on his loss, but on his wife. His first exclamation was, "My God! and that poor woman's all alone." He little thought that "that poor woman," all alone, had really saved his immense property.

The State of Mississippi is in imminent danger from a carpenter named William Leburg, who actually said, right before witnesses, that "negroes had feelings as well as anybody else." Thereupon, Johnathan Weatherly, negro-owner, of Sanders Creek, prints half a column in the Mississippiian, warning the whole South against this frightful Abolitionist.

REMARKS.—"I once heard Lord Brodlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, 'As sober as a Judge'?"

"It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. 'It is perfectly true,' replied the Judge, as most of those old saws are. They are characteristic, at least, for sobriety is the attribute of the judge, as inebrity is of a common man. Thus we say, 'As sober as a Judge,' and 'As drunk as a Lord'."

Mellow was the readiest man I ever knew; he went on to say: 'I know there are men too fond of the bar to sit on the bench, and that there are peers who richly deserve a drop of the first and unworthy of elevation; the last sort get what is their due.'—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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of all descriptions, Machinery Tools for all  
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New and Improved Principles. A  
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Rubber Belting for sale at  
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in diameter, and under, and 10 inch face, and  
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by hand. We will warrant our gearing to run al-  
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CLOAKS, and  
MANTILLAS, Fall  
Style Bonnets and Bon-  
nets Ribbons, Dress Trim-  
mings, Flouncings, Embroid-  
eries, Skirtings, Gloves, Hosiery, the  
MOST CELEBRATED MATINEE and  
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GLASS and QUEENSWARE, Ladies'  
and Children's Shoes, Wall and  
Window Paper Groceries, &c.  
Thankful for past favors,  
and feeling satisfied  
our present stock  
stands unsur-  
passed in  
Eastern Ohio, we solicit an early call.  
Yours, Respectfully,  
J. & L. SCHILLING.  
"CHEAP CORNER," Salem, Sept. 17, 1859

Hardware! Hardware!  
DANIEL WALTON  
Would respectfully inform his friends and patrons  
that he has REMOVED his Hardware Store to  
the ROOM LATELY OCCUPIED BY J. & W.  
M'LERAN, and is now receiving directly from  
New York, a large and well selected stock of  
WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,  
HARDWARE, CUTLERY.  
D. WALTON.  
Salem, May 21st, 1859-1y.

Hardware! Hardware!  
DANIEL WALTON  
Would respectfully inform his friends and patrons  
that he has REMOVED his Hardware Store to  
the ROOM LATELY OCCUPIED BY J. & W.  
M'LERAN, and is now receiving directly from  
New York, a large and well selected stock of  
WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,  
HARDWARE, CUTLERY.  
D. WALTON.  
Salem, May 21st, 1859-1y.

Hardware! Hardware!  
DANIEL WALTON  
Would respectfully inform his friends and patrons  
that he has REMOVED his Hardware Store to  
the ROOM LATELY OCCUPIED BY J. & W.  
M'LERAN, and is now receiving directly from  
New York, a large and well selected stock of  
WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,  
HARDWARE, CUTLERY.  
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